

Sketch

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Appreciation

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took hold of the door knob to turn it. He felt a piece of paper in his hand for the first time since Sarah had turned and climbed on the train.

JOHN held the red paper in his two hands and very slowly read the words printed on it. 'Return trip, New York to Golden Bridge.' For a moment he turned his head and watched the smoke of the train as it disappeared around the lower end of the lake. With the thumb and first finger of each hand he slowly tore the piece of red paper into small bits and let them sift through his fingers. The wind caught the pieces of paper and blew them against a pile of brown leaves where they lay, quite still.

Appreciation

Joan Wert

Sci. So.

I have held
A fuller, sweeter cup than this—
This thought often catches at my mind
Although the cup be moon-silver.

Yet there have been swift moments—
Watching ragged copper mountains
Cut into a morning sky
Streaked with night-purple and sun-gold,
With desert tawny-red—
When the cup was full to overflowing,
It spilled upon my memory
And seared its image there.